Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*; his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ.Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſtris *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ.Page. Wee will doe it; let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him; may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Doe you?

Ford. I, I doe ſo.

M. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Miſ.Page. You doe your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I; I muſt beare it.

Euan. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes; heauen forgiue my ſinnes at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be-gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner, come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Miſt. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mocke him.

him; I doe inuite you to morr
breakefaſt: after we'll a Birdi
Hawke for the buſh. Shall it b

Ford. Any thing.

Euan. If there is one, I ſhall n

Cai. If there be one, or two, I

Ford. Pray you goe, M. *Page*

Euans. I pray you now remo
lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with

Euan. A lowſie knaue, to ha
keries.

Scæna Q

Enter Fenton, Anne Pa
Quickly, Page,

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy F
Therefore no more turne me t

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy
He doth obiect, I am too grea
And that my ſtate being gall'd
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his
Beſides theſe, other barres he l
My Riots paſt, my wilde Soci
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſi
I ſhould loue thee, but as a pro

Anne. May be he tels you t

Fen. No, heauen ſo ſpeed me
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fath
Was the firſt motiue that I wo
Yet wooing thee, I found thee
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſumm
And 'tis the very riches of thy
That now I ayme at.

Anne. Gentle M. *Fenton.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH